CUP21 g23/50

The Politick SQUIRE:

OR, THE

Highwaymen catch'd in their own Play.

COME gentlemen, and hear this ditty.
'Tis comical, nay true and pretty;
If you'll attention give awhile,
My ſong, I'm ſure, will make you ſmile.

Fal de ral, ri do, ſal da ra, &c.

A gentleman, a briſk young ſquire,
To London he muſt needs retire;
And as he on the road did ride,
Five highwayman there him eſpy'd.

They came to him, ſaying, Deliver,
Which made the ſquire quake and quiver,
Crying, Gentlemen, ſome pity take.
One ſtruck him ſtrait acroſs the pate.

And then reply'd, You dog deliver,
Do you think we'll wait on you for ever;
Your gold deliver inſtantly,
Or zounds, this minute you ſhall die.

The ſquire gave them all his treaſure,
And greatly dreaded their diſpleaſure,
And when they had his money got,
They ſwore they'd kill him on the ſpot.

The gentleman was ſore affrighted,
And from his horſe he ſoon alighted,
Saying, If you will my life but ſave,
You'll be made rich, fine, and brave.

Yet four did cock for to give him fire,
His trembling life for to expire;
But the fifth ſaid, Awhile forbear,
And liſt to what he will declare.

The ſquire ſaid, the truth I'll render,
I'm him whom they call the Pretender;
And if my life you will but ſave,
You'll be made rich, fine, and brave,

I'm once more come into this nation,
For to raiſe a freſh and new invaſion,
But now for taking care of me,
Five hundred thouſand pound's your fee.

Fal dara, &c.

The highwaymen did dance and caper,
And cry'd Huzza! we're made for ever;
Lords, Dukes, or Knights, we ſoon ſhall be,
Or Generals, and that you'll ſee.

But now to make you brisk and merry,
I beg you all awhile to tarry
For to hear how they advanc'd muſt be,
For now begins the comedy.

Horſeing the ſquire, one reply'd,
Your legs ought for to be ty'd;
Then with the irrups inſtantly,
His legs they carefully did tye.

His hands behind him ſoon they faſten'd,
And to the juſtice him they haſten'd;
And as they rid, they made their fun,
Saying, This is a jolly tyler's ſon.

To hear the highwaymen thus pleas'd,
The ſquire's heart was ſomething eas'd,
And thought it ſoon would be the time
For to clear up his heart, as now 'tis thine.

Now the people were got together;
Saying, a pox, who is come hither?
But the highwaymen they did declare,
To you we have brought the Pretender.

Soon, to the juſtice him convey'd,
And ſoon the highwaymen then ſaid,
May it pleaſe your worſhip, we have here,
A rebellious rogue the Pretender.

Come in, true hearts, the juſtice ſaid,
I'm glad that you have him betray'd.
And ſo am I, the ſquire cryed,
Or elſe before this I had died.

His words the highwaymen amazed,
And on the ſquire much they gazed,
Fearing by him they were betray'd,
Looked all five as much diſmay'd,

May it pleaſe your worſhip, ſaid the ſquire,
As I to London did retire,
Five villains did beſet me round.
And robbed me of five hundred pound.

My watch and rings likewiſe they ſeiz'd,
And yet theſe villains were not pleas'd;
For tho' this booty they had got,
They ſwore they'd ſhoot me on the ſpot.

So from my horſe I ſtrait alighted,
Being at their words moſt ſorely frighted:
But in my mind God plac'd it there,
For to ſay I was the Pretender.

Cocking their piſtols to give fire,
For to hear me ſpeak I did deſire;
I ſaid, If they'd my life but ſave,
They'd ſoon be made both rich and brave.

When they had heard what I declar'd,
They me believ'd, but much I fear'd it;
And on my horſe they faſten'd me,
And I was glad the ſame to ſee.

So the highwaymen were all ſeized,
And the ſquire to the heart was pleaſed,
So ſearching them they quickly found
Both rings, and the five hundred pound.

So the juſtice laugh'd to ſee them tricked,
Saying the ſquire has you befitted;
But he's a Pretender you may ſee,
So hang'd I doubt you all will be.

So to the gaol they were committed,
While the highwaymen grin'd and fretted.
So before his worſhip they all ſwore,
They'd hate Pretenders evermore.

So the people to them follow'd,
And after them with joy they hallow'd;
Saying, Which of you, I pray declare,
Is him they call the Pretender.

The ſquire with the juſtice tarry'd,
While the rogues to gaol were carry'd;
So the ſquire againſt them did appear,
And four were hanged, I declare.

So the ſquire of the judge then craved,
That ſuch a man might then be ſaved;
So it was granted him, we hear,
But tranſported for ſeven year.

So the county money ſoon was paid,
Unto the ſquire who them betray'd;
So to the poor without delay,
He ſoon did give it all away.

So now for to conclude my ditty,
It is true, indeed, as it is pretty.
So I wiſh all rogues were ſerved thus,
Who dare preſume to take a purſe.

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